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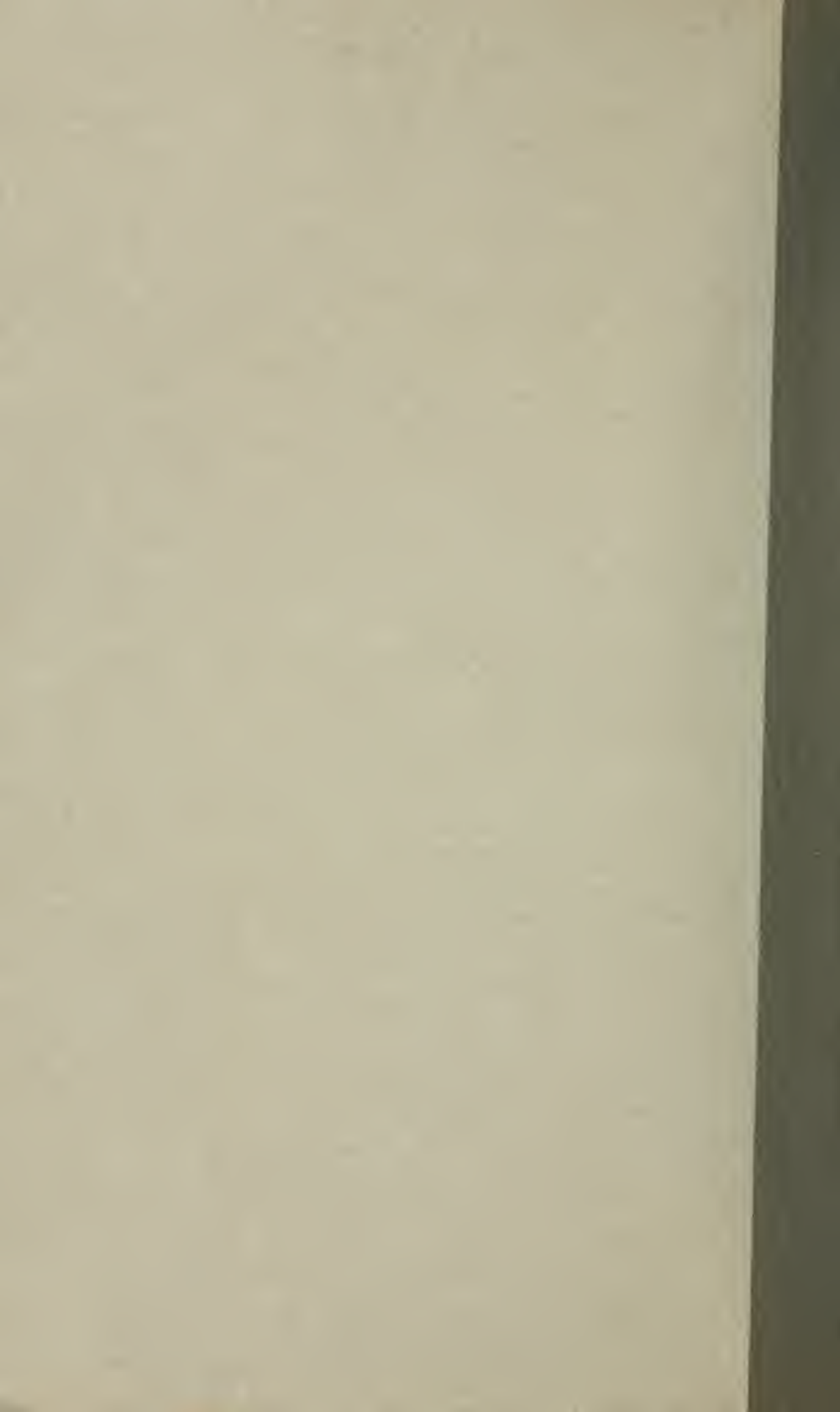
TERRY

Guy Mannering

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STANDARD DRAMA.

No. LXXVII.

GUY MANNERING;
OR THE
GIPSEY'S PROPHECY.

A Musical Play

IN THREE ACTS.

BY DANIEL TERRY.

ALSO THE STAGE BUSINESS, CASTS OF CHARACTERS,
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,

122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Original cast.

Covent Garden, 1816.

<i>Colonel Mannering</i>	Mr Abbott.
<i>Henry Bertram</i>	" Durusett.
<i>Dominio Sampson</i>	" Liston.
<i>Dandie Dinmont</i>	" Emery.
<i>Dirk Hatteraick</i>	" Comer.
<i>Bailie Mucklethrift</i>	" L Russell.
<i>Gilbert Glossin</i>	" Blanchard.
<i>Gabriel</i> , <i>Sebastian</i> , <i>Franco</i> , a boy. } <i>Gipsies</i> ...	" Tinney. " Jeffries.
<i>Jack Tobos</i> , (Ostler to Mrs. Mrs. M'Candlish,)...	Master Parsloe.
<i>Farmers</i> ,.....	Mr. Tobey. { Mr. North. " Tinney.
<i>Sergeant</i>	Mr. King
<i>Julia Mannering</i>	Miss Mathews.
<i>Lucy Bertram</i>	" Stephens.
<i>Meg Merrilies</i>	Mrs. Yates.
<i>Mrs. M'Candlish</i>	" Davenport.
<i>Flora</i>	Miss Green.

Broadway, 1849.

Mr. Fredericks.
" Jordon
" W. B. Chapman.
" E. Shaw.
" Harris.
" Hind.
" Thompson.
" Whiting.
" P. C. Byrne.
Miss Wallis.
Mr Stuart.
{ Mr. Lyster.
" Milot.
Miss K. Horn.
Mrs. G. Loder
Miss C. Cushman.
" Carman
Mrs. A. Knight.

Gipsies, Soldiers, Peasants, &c.

SCENE—Scotland.

COSTUMES.

COLONEL MANNERING.—Blue military undress coat, white waistcoat, pantaloons, and Hessian boots.

HENRY BERTRAM.—*Ibid.*

DANDIE DINMONT.—Blue plush coat, scarlet plush waistcoat, leather breeches drab coloured great coat, check shirt, &c.

DIRK HATTERAICK.—Brown (Dutch) jacket and breeches, check shirt, &c.

GILBERT GLOSSIN.—Black coat and waistcoat, leather breeches and boots.

BAILIE MUCKLETHRIFT.—Suit of old fashioned black.

GABRIEL.—Brown country coat and breeches, and plaid waistcoat.

SERGEANT MACRAE—Highland soldiers dress.

SEBASTIAN.—Country coat, red waistcoat, and buff breeches.

FARMERS.—Country coats, &c.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.—*First dress.*—Old black coat and waistcoat, darned and patched, and blue serge breeches. *Second dress.*—Similar, but in better quality with a large round hat.

LUCY BERTRAM.—Black crape dress.

JULIA MANNERING.—White satin pelisse, and muslin dress, trimmed with lace and flowers.

MEG MERRILIES.—Brown cloth petticoat and body, torn old red cloak, torn pieces of plaid, and old russet sandals.

FLORA.—Plaid bodice, muslin petticoat, and apron trimmed.

MRS. M'CANDLISH.—Plaid gown, blue quilted petticoat, white apron, handkerchief and cap.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R, means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*
S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

*. * Passages marked with Inverted Commas are usually omitted in the representation.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THE Musical Play of "GUY MANNERING, OR THE GIPSEY'S PROPHECY," was dramatized by Daniel Terry, the popular author and actor, from the novel of that name, by Sir Walter Scott, and was first produced at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London, in the spring of 1816; it was eminently successful, and still continues popular with the theatrical public on both sides of the Atlantic.

We are not in favor of a class of compositions, or adaptations, hostile, as we believe, to the best interests of the Drama; still, we must admit that Mr. Terry has admirably arranged "Guy Mannering" for the stage; the new matter harmonizes and forms a piece with the old, and it requires an intimate knowledge of the original, to distinguish between them.

Terry was an intimate and valued friend of the, then, "GREAT UNKNOWN," with whom he was in constant correspondence; and we may infer, that the novelist himself had some hand in the present adaptation. Lockhart, in his life of Scott, observes "what share the novelist himself had in the first specimen of what he called "TERRY-FYING," I cannot exactly say; but his correspondence shows, that the pretty song of the LULLABY was not his only contribution to it, and I imagine that he had taken the trouble to modify the plot, and re-arrange for stage purposes a considerable part of the original dialogue." It is curious to notice in the correspondence with Terry, Sir W. Scott's anxiety, and suggestions, to avoid the risk of discovery, through the introduction of the song alluded to; which had in the mean time been communicated to Alexander Campbell, editor of Albyn's Anthology. Sir W. Scott did not avow himself as the author of the Waverley novels until February, 1827; and Terry was one of the TWENTY of his friends, to whom the secret had been confided, and by whom it had been so carefully guarded.

It would be unjust to a great living Musician, not to admit that the exquisite Music of Sir H. R. Bishop, largely contributed to the success of *Guy Mannering* on its first production on the stage. The "*Fox jumped over the parson's gate*," and the "*Chough and Crow*" may be cited as admirable specimens of classic English music.

The play of *Guy Mannering* has latterly excited renewed interest, from Miss Charlotte Cushman's performance of the character of Meg Merrilles. It is not our province to criticise, but we cannot withhold a passing notice of a performance so **UNIQUE**, as almost to put criticism at defiance ;—it is as vigorous in conception, as it is startling, nay, electrical in execution ; it stands "**ALONE**," and may defy competition. It has been said—we think hypercritically—that the Meg Merrilles of Miss Cushman, great as it is admitted to be, is not that of Sir W. Scott ;—if it is her own creation, the greater the genius of the Artist :—from her first entrance from the gipsy tent, to the last death throe, the **CHARACTER** is never for a moment lost sight of ; appearance, dress, gait, gesture, intonation of the voice all are in perfect keeping ; it stands out like Spagnoletto's figures, in bold broad lights and shadows, and with a power of life and truth, that "only itself can be its parallel." The crowds who thronged the Theatres in England, night after night, to witness this wonderful exhibition of histrionic art ; and the enthusiasm, which is now crowding the American Theatres, are but just tributes to the genius of this highly gifted lady.

H. L.

GUY MANNERING.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Mrs. M'Candlish's Inn.—Several FARMERS and others, at one table c.—Drinking, &c.—Mrs. M'CANDLISH the Landlady, and BAILIE MUCKLETHRIFT, at another l. at Tea.—A large comfortable fire, w. e. r. &c.—The Curtain rises, to the symphony of the following*

GLEE.

The winds whistle cold,
And the stars glimmer red,
The flocks are in fold,
And the cattle in shed.
When the hoar frost was chill
Upon moorland and hill,
And was fringing the forest-bough,
Our fathers would trowl
The bonny brown bowl,
And so will we do now,
Jolly hearts!
And so will we do now!
Gaffer Winter may seize
Upon milk in the pail;
'Twill be long ere he freeze
The bold brandy and ale!
For our fathers sobold,
They laugh'd at the cold,
When Boreas was bending his brew;
For they quaff'd mighty ale.
And they told a blith tale,
And so will we do now,
Jolly hearts!
And so will we do now!

Mrs. M'Can. A merry, social glee, and well sung, good neighbours.

1st. Far. Then, here's your good health, landlady, in the parting glass! for we must away up to West-Green to-night, to be ready for the fair on Monday.

Mrs. M'Can. Well then, good evening, and a good sale to you, farmer.—[*Farmer crosses to L.*]—I wonder I haven't seen your old friend Andrew Dinmont on his way there; he generally leaves his little horse, Dumpling, here at fair time.

2d. Far. You'll see him, never fear; there'd be ne cattle worth the handling, and no cudgelling worth a broken head, without Dandie Dinmont at the fair! but come along, neighbours, the evening wears, and we must be jogging;—good night ty'e mistress.

Mrs. M'Can. (L.) He's as kind a heart, and as strong an arm, that Dinmont, as any for forty miles round the country.

Bailie. (R.) And of good worldly substance, they say, Mrs. M'Candish, considering the instability of human affairs.

Mrs. M'Can. He's e'en as good as yourself, Bailie; and would I were no worse; but I need not complain, for who would have thought, when I was housekeeper at Ellangowan castle, and Sir Godfrey Bertram member for the county, that I should sit here this night, landlady of the Gorden Arms in Kippletringan, expecting his only child to come to this poor house of mine, to pay off all his servants, without knowing, poor girl! where she's to go next.

Bailie. Aye, aye! the instability of human concerns; and who would have thought that Gibbie Glossin, the attorney, (whom I, Robbin Mucklethrift, the hard-ware man, remember to have refused credit for a sixpenny pen-knife,) should have been giving a grand dinner and claret, in your house this very day, on purchasing the estate of his aforesaid benefactor, and turning that only child out of doors; and he'll pay the bill, ready money, doubtless, Mrs. M'Candish.

[*Goes up the Stage.*]

Mrs. M'Can. That he does, or the devil a drop of wine shall go down his throat in this house. I wish I had the tying a halt—[*Bell rings violently.*]—but, there, I must be waiting on them:—they'll be wanting another magnum of claret!—[*Takes up a large bottle and is going, but stops.*]—No, take it you, Grizzy, and say I am gone to bed.—[*Grizzy crosses and exit, R.*]—I have not the heart to look at them, making merry on the orphan's substance!

the property that should, by right, belong to poor Miss Bertram! If it were not that we victuallers must keep open doors to all cattle, I'd soon clear the house of them. I trust Miss Bertram will not come up till to-morrow:—I would not for a silver pound she found them ranting and rioting here.—[*Knocking without L.*—And there she is, I doubt.

Enter JOCK JABOS, L.

Well, Jock, is it Miss Bertram?

Jock. No:—it's only a single rider, mistress.

Mrs. M'Can. A single rider! some Manchester lad in the cotton line. Well, he must just come in here.

Enter COLONEL MANNERING, L. *wrapped up in a great coat, a from horseback, ushered in by* JABOS.

Col. Man. Let me disturb nobody, landlady: your house is full, I understand: I can sit very well here.

[*Crosses over to the fire.*

Mrs. M'Can. [*Looking at him.*] Not much of the rider, either.

Jock. I'll tell you what, mistress: he has got as pretty a piece of horse-flesh as ever stood in your stable. I'm a judge, I reckon, by this time, and one may always know a gentleman by his horse. [*Exit L.*

Col. Man. [*Seating himself at the fire R.*] It's lucky the old inn was at hand to shelter me in this sudden storm; but great changes, I perceive, have taken place since I saw it. I wish I may find my kind friend at the castle well: but he'll scarcely recollect me, I dare say. Sixteen years of hard military service in India, is apt to rub a young man's features a little out of memory.

Mrs. M'Can. I beg your honour's pardon. Would your honour choose any refreshment after your ride?

Col. Man. If you please, my good lady.

Bailie. Your honour, to a Manchester rider! Psh!—[*Aside to Mrs. M'Can, after eyeing Colonel Man.*] I'll soon find out what he is. Any news of trade, friend? How's cotton in the market, now?

Col. Man. [*Dryly.*] Cotton! really, sir, I do not know.

Bailie. Ay you don't know. Umph!—[*Aside to Mrs. M'Can.*]—He's in the hard-ware line!—[*To Col. Man.*] You'll be dealing in the steel article, I fancy?

Col. Man. [*Smiling.*] Steel! why, sir, you are a little nearer the mark.

Bailie. I thought so; pray do you Birmingham folk find the patent never-spilling coal-scuttle answer in the trade? They go off pretty bobbishly here, when they are double japped: I sent five to Ellangowan castle last week.

Col. Man. Ellangowan castle, sir! I was on my road thither.

Bailie. You need not trouble yourself, sir; I furnish them with all articles in your line, at the lowest Birmingham prices.

Col. Man. Sir!

Bailie. Yes, sir, in the hard-ware line, and I shall suffer no interlopers!—[*Advancing consequentially to Mannering.*]

Col. Man. Sir, you're an impertinent little fellow! Perhaps this is harder ware than you would like to deal in. [*Advances his cane.*]

Mrs. M'Can. [*Interposing.*] Our Bailie, sir, is an honest little body, but he's apt to mistake. You were asking after Ellangowan, sir. Was it the old family, or the present, that you came to visit, sir?

Col. Man. I mean Sir Godfrey Bertram of Ellangowan.

Mrs. M'Can. Alas! you come too late for him, poor gentleman; he died last week, sir, under sad circumstances.

Col. Man. Sir Godfrey Bertram dead!

Bailie. A melancholy instance of the mutability of worldly matters;—fallen from all his greatness, and twenty-seven pounds, six shillings and eightpence half-penny in my books.

Col. Man. Dead! good heaven, I owed him much.

Bailie. If you please to make me payment of the aforesaid sum, sir, I will give you a receipt for so much of your debt.

Col. Man. He has no child?

Mrs. M'Can. An only daughter, sir;—thought to be an only child.

Bailie. My receipt will be exactly the same as hers.

Col. Man. Thought to be an only child!—When I was in India, I heard 'he had a son.

Mrs. M'Can. Ah! well-a-day! you heard right, sir, he had a son indeed:—but, oh, me!—

Bailie. Now don't begin whimpering.—[*To Col. Man.*]
—She lost her first husband, sir, on the very day that son disappeared.

Mrs. M'Can. Aye! I did indeed! sixteen years ago.

Bailie. Well, don't cry so far back; he was a revenue officer, sir, and was found murdered in the wood, hard by;—by smugglers it was supposed, headed by a desperate fellow,—one Dirk Hatteraick,—half devil, half Dutchman.

Mrs. M'Can. The villain! that there should be such lawless, contraband ruffians suffered in a christian land.

Col. Man. I beg your pardon madam; but may I ask what connexion the misfortune of your first husband had with the young heir of Ellangowan?

Mrs. M'Can. Yes, sure, your honour: little Harry Bertram, then a beautiful boy five years old, and his tutor, one Dominie Sampson, as they call him,—you'll may be remember him, sir, if you remember Ellangowan long ago.

Col. Man. A tall, stiff, silent man, is he not?

Bailie. The same, sir, half crazed with his learning, poor silly man, and knows nothing of business.

Mrs. M'Can. He's a little absent indeed, poor man; but very affectionate, and as simple as any child—Well, sir, this Dominie Sampson and little Henry Bertram were walking in the wood, and by came my poor husband, from looking down the coast, and offered to give the boy a ride on his horse, and bring him back to dinner to the castle in an hour; but, lack-a-day! lack-a-day! that hour never came, for poor Duncan was found weltering in his blood!

Col. Man. And was the child murdered too?

Bailie. That no man can tell, sir, for he was never found.

Mrs. M'Can. There was an old gipsy-woman, (that then lived on the estate, and used to nurse the infant,) was suspected of stealing him, out of revenge for Sir Godfrey's transporting one of her sons for poaching.

Col. Man. And has nothing ever been heard of him since?

Mrs. M'Can. Nothing, sir, but from that day, the old gentleman, Sir Godfrey Bertram, who was never over careful, became worse and worse, and wasted and wanted, and wanted and wasted and trusted and trusted—

Bailie. Till he trusted an attorney.

Mrs. M'Can. And then, sir, his distresses broke his heart, and he died, leaving his poor daughter penniless and unprotected, on the wide world!

Bailie. His affairs in utter disorder, and twentyseven pounds, six shillings and eightpence halfpenny, in my books

Mrs. M'Can. But the worst of it, Bailie, was the advantage it gave that rogue of an attorney.

Col. Man. How so, pray?

Bailie. Why, sir, if the boy had lived, the old gentleman could not have burthened or parted with an acre, it was all so strictly settled on heirs male. But Glossin contrived, thay say, while his mind was so distressed, to wheedle him out of some rash deed.

Mrs. M'Can. But it will never prosper; if he has cheated the helpless, and oppressed the fatherless, he'll die, (mark my words, Bailie,) a good-for-nothing beggar, yet

Bailie. Why, I hope the young heir may cast up; the mutability of human affairs is great, and there's news of Dirk Hatteraick's running a cargo on these shores again, for the first time since the business; if so, the gipsey wife, if she's alive, won't be far off, I dare say.

Mrs. M'Can. The murderous wretches! if I catch them, I'll bring them to justice, if I sell the very sign over my door.—[*Noise heard without, L.*]—Gracious heaven! I hope that's not Miss Bertram come just now, before the house is clear of those drunken——and if it is, what shall I do?—For the room's close to the only one I have to shew her into.

[*Goes and listens.*]

Bailie. [*To Col. Man.*]—There was some little mistake between you and me, sir: you said you dealt in steel, whereby I thought—

Col. Man. [*Smiling.*]—I have dealt in steel; I am an officer of the army, retired from service.

Bailie. [*Aside.*]—Retired from service! then it would not be worth while to offer him my shop-bill.

Col. Man. And am just arrived from India, to settle in this neighbourhood.

[*Returns up.*]

Bailie. [*Aside.*]—From India, and settling here!—that's a different story!—[*The Bailie fumbles in his pockets,—pulls out a spectacle-case, large pocket-book, &c. during which, Enter JOCK JAROS. L.*]

Jock. Mistress! mistress! There's Miss Bertram poor young lady, just stepping out of the chaise, wi' mistress Flora, and Dominie Sampson buried up to the chin in old books:—you must go to them directly; and, mistress, who do you think yon gentleman is?

Mrs. M'Can. Who, Jock?

Jock. The great Colonel Mannering!

Mrs. M'Can. What! for whom the Woodburne estate was bought?

Jock. The very same.

Mrs. M'Can. and Bailie. No, sure!

Jock. Ay, as sure as boots are not brogues;—he was daily expected, you know. There's his servant, just rode in,—a genteel lad like myself, and a good judge of horses; and there's his sister, and the devil and all, following as fast as they can:—there's news for ye, mistress!

[*Exit. L.*

Mrs. M'Can. He shall see Miss Bertram; he may be a good friend to the poor young lady.—[*To Col. Man.*—Your honour will excuse me, I must attend upon Miss Bertram, who is just arrived, sir.

Col. Man. If you would take an opportunity of informing her, a friend of her late father is anxious to be acquainted with her, you will greatly oblige me.

Mrs. M'Can. That will I, sir, and gladly; for I am quite fearful of that Glossin's riotous party up stairs; perhaps some of them may intrude on her, and your presence may be a protection to her. I am but a poor double widow, as I may say, sir! and as for the Dominie, worthy soul! he's just nobody at all—Your servant, sir.

[*Exit, L.*

The Bailie, who has found his advertisement, struts up to the Colonel, and presents it.

Bailie. (L.)—Colonel Mannering—sir!—If on your settlement in a strange land, you should have occasion for fire-grates, tongs, pokers, shovels, coal-scuttles, plain or patent, candlesticks, snuffers, extinguishers, savealls, &c. &c. &c. you may be supplied as far as an extensive stock—

Col. Man. (R.)—And the mutability of human affairs—

Bailie. True, sir, will permit,—and that at the sign of the Three Trout and the Frying-pan, kept by your hum-

ble servant, Robin Mucklethrift, Ironmonger and Brazier, of Kippletringan in Scotland. | *Exit, L.*

Col. Man. The honest and worshipful magistrate, I perceive, doesn't lose sight of the main chance in the uncertainty of affairs. But yonder goes Miss Bertram.—poor girl!—how pale and melancholy, and yet, how engaging—Well, the daughter of my earliest, and best friend shall not be left without a protector to shield her sorrows from injustice and oppression. | *Exit, R.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Inn, large doors in the Back. c.—Enter LUCY BERTRAM, L.*

AIR.—MISS BERTRAM.

Ye dear paternal scenes, farewell!
The home where early fortune smil'd!
No longer there must Lucy dwell:—
Of fortune robb'd, from home exil'd,
A wretched orphan child
Now weeps her last farewell;
Farewell!

Tho' doom'd to wander far and wide,
A maiden friendless, desolate,
With Heaven my innocence to guide,
I fear not, tho' I mourn my fate;
But all that it ordains await,
And weep my last farewell!
Farewell!

Enter MRS. M'CANDLISH, FLORA, JOCK and GRIZZY, L. bringing in boxes, and various light luggage.

Mrs. M'Can. Dear Miss Bertram, I ask pardon;—I never was so sorry in my life;—my house quite full, and a noisy party of gentlemen in the best room. I have not another place but this to show your ladyship into, and this is but a public sort of a room neither; and I didn't expect your ladyship till to-morrow.

Miss B. Do not disturb yourself. I shall be but a few minutes in any one's way. I will but dismiss my servants, and retire to my bed-room.

Mrs. M'Can. And here is Dominie Sampson, your ladyship's old tutor, stalking up stairs out of your carriage.

Miss B. Do not suffer your people, my good dame, to exercise their merriment at the expense of that worthy man.

Mrs. M'Can. Not for the world, my dear lady.

Miss B. His person, his retired habits, and great absence of mind, are at times, I own, calculated to excite somewhat more than a smile; but, when the impulse of his excellent heart breaks forth, he rather forces a tear from the eye of sensibility, than a laugh from the lungs of ribaldry.

Mrs. M'Can. Very true, indeed. But I beg pardon, Miss Betram; there is a stranger, a gentleman now in the house, a particular friend, he says, of my late honoured master, who wishes to be permitted to speak with you.

Miss B. If he has business, I suppose I must see him.

[She retires, Mrs. M'Candlish turns to go out.]

[Enter DOMINIE SAMPSON, L. with an immensely large book under his arm, in old-fashioned binding, and brass clasps, his appearance puritanical, ragged black clothes, blue worsted stockings, pewter-headed long cane, &c., &c.]

Mrs. M'Can. You are welcome to Kippletringan, Mr. Sampson; how have you been this long time?

Samp. Thanks, worthy madam. And how is your husband, Mr. Kennedy? (*Observes her surprise.*) Eh! Eh! out upon my tongue, he's dead! I meant, honest Provost M'Candlish.

Flora. (L.) *[Pulling him by the sleeve.]*—Why, Dominie Sampson, what are you about?—he's dead too.—Would you bring forth the poor woman's husbands alive, one after another?

Samp. Prodigious!—*[He is confounded, and silent, and retires up the stage.]*

Flora. Come, Mistress M'Candlish, don't take it amiss; the poor Dominie, you know, is apt to make mistakes.

Mrs. M'Can. 'Twas kindly meant in Mr. Sampson,—*[Crosses to L.]*—I dare say; but both my dear departed husbands to be called to mind at once! Oh! 'twas too distressing.

Flora. 'Twas indeed! too much for any woman to bear.

[Exit Mrs. M'Candlish, L.]

[The Dominie by this time has opened his great book: and sat down to read upon some band-boxes, which give way under him.]

Flora. Oh ; my best bonnet. I had rather have had twenty husbands at once, than had it spoiled.

Samp. Prodigious ! “ *Ubi lapsus ? Quid feci !* ”

Flora. *Fecey !* What’s your *Fecey* to my bonnet ! your head is too learned for the rest of your body, Mr. Sampson, and leads it into sad errors. What do you do with that great lumbering book now ?

Samp. Josephus’ History, light reading, Mistress Flora, for travellers.

Miss B. Flora.

Flora. Yes, ma’am,—[*Looking at Dominie.*—]—Mercy on me ?—[*Goes to Miss B.*—*Sampson seats himself at the table, R.*

Miss B. Before I part with you, my good girl, I must thank you for the affectionate attention you have shewn to me under my misfortunes. In this purse you will find an additional remembrance of your kindness ; it is indeed but a trifle, yet—

Flora. [*Half crying.*—]—Don’t mention it, madam ; I shall never find such another mistress, I’m sure.

Miss B. Not so ; I hope you will find, at least, as kind a mistress in the English young lady, Miss Mannering.

Flora. I hope I may, ma’am ; but I shall never cease to think of you and all your goodness.—And poor Mr. Sampson, though he has spoiled my bonnet, poor dear good man ! what will become of him now ?

Miss B. That, indeed, is a grievous question. He was the tutor of my youth, my dear father’s last and only friend : it is like a second separation from him ; but it is part of the severity of my fate, and must be endured, however hard the struggle,—Mr. Sampson ! Mr. Sampson !—[*Sampson is by this time deeply involved in his book, and does not hear her.*

Flora. [*Looking over him*—]—Come, Mr. Sampson, leave Joo—heefus, and attend to Miss Bertram.

Samp. My honoured young lady ! I crave pardon ; I was oblivious.

[*Sampson jumps up and runs with awkward eagerness, snatches up the snuffers, and snuffs out one candle, then another ; and, with ludicrous officiousness, draws the table, &c., &c., and advances toward Miss B.*

Flora. Only see now ! the poor dear man thinks himself in the parlour at Ellangowan, trimming the candles for my poor old master, to read the newspapers. Oh ! he has a rare head !

Miss B. You give yourself too much trouble, Mr. Sampson : it was not that I wanted of you, but I have a small account to settle : permit me—[*Puts a little pocket-book into his hand.*]

Samp. [*Looking at it.*]—Truly a very small duodecimo !—[*Opens it, takes out a bank note, and unfolds it.*]—It is for the sum of fifty pounds.—Prodigious ! Is it your pleasure that I should hie me forth to procure little notes in exchange for the same ?

Miss B. No, Mr. Sampson ; but, in my present circumstances, alone, almost without fortune, it is impossible—I have not, indeed, the means to support a household, and that note is your own, till some other situation—

Samp. [*Slow at first to comprehend, becomes agitated, and speaks with great feeling.*]—No ! Miss Lucy, never ! if your father, whom I served and loved in prosperity and adversity, should rise from the dead, and bid me leave you, it were impossible ! impossible ! and that note, that note befits not me, young lady. [*Returning it.*]

Miss B. I know it is inadequate.—Yet trifling as the recompense is,—take it :—Oh ! take it, I beseech you.

Samp. [*Pushing back her hand gently.*]—Peradventure, Miss Lucy you are too proud to share my pittance, and I grow wearisome unto you.

Miss B. [*Greatly distressed.*]—Oh no ;—you are my father's old, his only faithful friend : I am not proud ; heaven knows, I have no reason to be so.—But what, what can we do ?

Samp. I can teach ! I can write ! I can cypher ! I can labour ! Heaven will protect ! Heaven will provide always : if our wills and endeavours be not wanting.—[*Solemnly*]—But I cannot,—cannot be severed from the child of my affections, the daughter of my dear, dear master—I will be no burden, Miss Lucy ; I will be, Heaven willing, an aid :—I—

[*Miss Bertram turns away, much affected—Enter COL. MANNERING and MRS. M'CANDLISH, unperceived, at the back of the scene, L.*]

Flora. [*Interposing*] Dear Mr. Sampson! you only distress yourself, and Miss Bertram;—you had better take the——

Samp. Woman! No. It is not the lucre,—it is not the lucre! but I have eaten of her father's loaf, and drank of his cup for thirty years and upwards, and to think that I would leave his daughter, and leave her now in her distress and dolour:—No, Lucy Bertram.—I crave pardon, Miss Bertram, I would say—you need never opine it. You would not have put a favorite dog of your father's from your door, and will you use me worse than a hound? Entreat me not to leave thee, I beseech thee; for while Abel Sampson liveth, he will never, never be separated from thee.—[*Rests upon the table, covering his face with his hands.*] [*Exit Flora, L.*]

Mrs. M'Can. [*Aside, to Col. Man.*] Good lord, was ever any thing like that, from one who scarcely speaks three words on any ordinary occasion? The man's inspired!

Miss B. Well then, Mr. Sampson, we will not separate! No, even though our joint labors should procure our daily bread!

Samp. Gratias! Beatissime! [*Rising.*]

Miss B. Alas! for the pride of birth! of all the rich and noble, who claimed kindred with me as heiress of that house, which was the source of their nobility:—of all who shared my father's favour and hospitality, this being alone remains attached to me, who was the too frequent object of mockery and derision. [*A burst of loud and boisterous mirth is heard, behind the centre doors.*] What noise of revelry is this?

Mrs. M'Can. Lord preserve us! they're breaking up, and, perhaps, some of 'em will be coming thro' here!

Miss B. Gracious Heaven! I thought I heard the voice of Glossin among them. [*Crosses to L.—Noise again.*]

Samp. Mrs. M'Candlish, this vicinity to hilarious drunkards besecmeth not the chamber of Miss Lucy Bertram.

[*Noise and laughter again.—The doors fly open.—*

Enter GLOSSIN, M. D. as leaving a drunken party, flushed with wine, and singing.

Miss B. Glossin himself! What am I doomed to suffer!

Mrs. M'Can. [*Runs up, and opposes Glossin's entrance.*] You really can't come this way, sir. It's impossible! there's a lady here, Mr. Glossin, a lady who would not wish to see you, sir.

Glos. Egad! I shall indulge no such caprice, Mrs. M'Candlish. I have settled my bill, ma'am, and I have a right to walk into any public room in your house, ma'am! A lady not wish to see me! Egad! perhaps that's a civil hint, that I should come to see her. [*To Miss Bertram, who is on L.*] I beg pardon, madam, if I intrude—but my name is Glossin, madam; Gilbert Glossin of Ellangowan, at your service.

Miss B. [*Raising her veil, with dignity.*] I know it, too well, sir, and how you became so. I remember my father's death-bed, and who embittered his last moments, by pressing alleged rights; how acquired, I leave between heaven and your own conscience.

Glos. [*Disconcerted.*] Stand by me, good claret. [*Aside.*] Why, Miss Bertram, there are things which may have seemed harsh to you, doubtless, or to any body; but they flow from the law, madam!—from the law!

Miss B. [*Calmly.*] No, sir, not from the law, but from such as pervert it to their own sinister purposes.

Glos. You are severe, Miss Bertram; [*Assuming an air of confident familiarity.*]—but I trust **you** will see this matter otherwise. It is yet in your power to be mistress of Ellangowan Castle, and your paternal estate.—Had you listened to my—

Miss B. Sir, I understand your meaning, and will save you the pain of speaking it more explicitly. When you formerly addressed the daughter of your patron, then with all the advantages of high birth and supposed fortune, I rejected your intrusion, but it was without reproving your audacity; but, sir, when you insult the poverty of the daughter of Ellangowan, by inviting her to share the spoils of her own house, so dishonestly acquired, she turns from you with loathing and contempt. [*Cross to R.*

Samp. [*In centre.*]—Prodigious!

Glos. [*Fiercely.*] Come come, madam, you may repent this!

Samp. [*Who has by degrees become agitated, comes fiercely up.*]—Avoid thee, thou evil one!—thou hast slain and taken possession—

Glos. Come, Mr. Dominic Sampson, we'll have no preaching here.

Miss B. Mrs. M'Candlish, is this intrusion on an unprotected female—

Col. Man. [*Coming suddenly up between Glossin and Miss B.*]—Not unprotected, Miss Bertram, while the obliged and grateful friend of Sir Godfrey, your father, can defend you!—Sir, your company is unpleasant—your absence desired. There's the door, and you will oblige me particularly by leaving the room this instant.

Glos. [*In a bullying tone.*] I don't know who you are, sir;—but I know the law, and I know I can split a pistol bullet against a pen-knife; and I shall suffer no man to use such d——'d freedom with me.

Col. Man. [*Coming close up to him.*]—Look you, Mr. Glossin! it will avail you nothing here, to act either the rogue, or the ruffian—the bully, or the attorney. That you do not know me, matters not;—I know you; and if you do not instantly descend those stairs, by the heaven above us, you shall take but one step from the top to the bottom.

Samp. Prodigious!

Glos. I—I—I don't choose to brawl here, sir, before a lady;—but you shall hear more of me, sir.

[*Retiring, L.*

Col. Man. When I do, sir, I shall treat the information as it deserves.

Mrs. M'Can. This way, Mr. Glossin, if you please! I'll attend you, sir.—I never shewed any one down stairs with greater pleasure in all my life.

[*Exeunt Mrs. M'Can. and Glossin, L.*

Col. Man. I beg pardon, Miss Bertram—my temper is naturally impetuous, and I have alarmed you.—Hear my apology at once;—though personally unknown to you, you, perhaps, have heard the name of Mannering—Guy Mannering!

Miss B. I think I have heard my father mention it, sir; but at this moment—

Col. Man. Hear me, then briefly: the son of an ancient family, I came at fourteen years old, with my widowed mother, to your northern capital. We were distressed then, as you are now; a circumstance drew on me the

notice of your father—he became our friend and comforter, and his interest procured me a military appointment to India, where I have been successful beyond my wishes ! Paternal estates, also, have since opened to me in England ; but my attachment was here.—I wrote to a friend, to purchase property in this neighbourhood, and learned, on my landing in Britain, I was proprietor of Woodburne. Surmises of distress in Sir Godfrey's family also reached me, and I hurried down to pay my debt of gratitude. I came, alas ! too late to offer it to my generous benefactor ;—let me have the satisfaction of finding I may be useful to his daughter !

Samp. I have scanned him well, and believe him to be the very Guy Mannering who was the inmate of your father's house some sixteen years ago. And for his military propensities I will avouch ; inasmuch as he was wont to put gunpowder into my tobacco-pipe, and amuse himself with the explosion thereof.

Miss B. Colonel Mannering, your generosity, and still more, your affection for my dear father, entitle you to my kindest thanks ; I will add, my confidence. But distress must excuse caution—and—

Col. Man. I will presume no farther ; my sister, whose carriage I have outrode by nearly an hour, will soon be here ; and to her intercession I shall leave my suit.

Samp. I do myself prefer the equestrian to the vehicular mode of conveyance ! but, to say sooth, I am most accustomed unto the pedestrian.

Miss B. Colonel Mannering then will excuse me for the present, nor think that my hesitation arises from any thing but a wish that the acceptance of his friendship should be as proper as the offer is kind.

[*Exit R.*

Col. Man. Mr. Sampson, you must forgive me my boyish tricks : I did not know the worth I teased. I was then a spoiled urchin—spoiled by your patron and mine ! but fortune has cured me.

Samp. And fortune, sir, (as the Heathens called her—I should rather say providence,) has been kinder to me ; since, for thirty years, I have never had to seek a home or a table, until this present moment of time.

Col. Man. And you never shall have to seek either, Mr.

Sampson, if you will accept the shelter of my roof. Your learning and patience will bring a blessing with them.

Samp. Of learning, sir, it doth not become me to speak ! albeit, I know most ancient and modern tongues. And of patience I have had but little exercise, since five-and-thirty years ago, when I was boarded for twenty-pence a week at Luckie Sourkail's, in the High-street of St. Andrew's. And there, tho' I hungered somewhat, I was nothing a-thirst, being near the principal fountain or pump of that town ; so that I might drink daily, and no one say, Sampson, thou exceedest in thy potations. But hath your honor no son, whom I might train up in polite letters, and elegant accomplishments, as a requital for my daily bread ?

Col. Man. I have only a sister, Mr. Sampson, about ten years younger than myself ;—how far she may profit by your instructions——

Samp. She may—she will—she shall—(*Assuming great consequence.*)—I will teach her the Hebrew language, or I should rather say the Chaldaic, since your Honour is aware that the generic Hebrew hath been lost from the time the Ten Tribes were led into captivity by Tigleth Peleazer.

Col. Man. I believe, sir, you will have an instant opportunity of consulting her own taste upon the matter, for here she comes !

Enter MISS MANNERING, L. dressed in a fashionable travelling Habit.

Miss Man. (*Running immediately up to Col. Man.*) My dear brother, how fast you must have ridden.

Col. Man. Rather, how slowly you must have followed, my dear sister ; but I am glad you are here, for I need your assistance most particularly and immediately.

Miss Man. Well, well, you shall have it ; but don't be impatient ! I must attend to my own affairs first. Where's the landlady.

Enter MISS M'CANLISH and FLORA, L.

Mrs M'Can. Here, my lady, at your service.

[*Curtsyng low-*

Miss Maa. Oh, do me the favour to tell me if there be a young woman here, who has inquired after Miss Mannering.

Mrs. M'Can. This is the person, I believe, my lady.

[*Presenting Flora.*]

Col. Man. Landlady, let me speak a word with you.

Mrs. M'Can. Directly, your honour.

[*Goes to Col. Mannering, and after seeming to receive his directions, goes off, R. The Dominie, during the conversation of Miss Mannering with Flora, circles round Miss Mannering as if about to address her, with characteristic formality and awkwardness, starting back when she looks at him, which she does, with some surprise, as if amused at his strange figure.*]

Miss Man. [*To Flora.*] You served a young lady in this country, I am told?

Flora. Yes, ma'am. [*Curtsies.*]

Miss Man. A Miss—Miss—Miss Bertram, I think—I never heard the name before.

Samp. Prodigious!

Miss Man. However, I understand she's an excellent young lady, and her character of you is quite satisfactory. [*Sampson seems pleased.*] I believe Miss Bertram dress'd her own hair? That won't quite, quite suit me. I shall wish you to study a little under my brother's valet-de-chambre; that you may be able to arrange my hair *a-la-Chinoise*, to dispose my aigrette and Circassian turban, so as to throw *l'air imposant* over my figure. [*Flora curtsies, and goes off, L.*]

Samp. [*Shaking his head.*] This is harder than Chaldaic;—yea,—than Hebrew. Tigleth Peleazar himself would have been puzzled at it. I dubitate whether this damsel will fructify by my learned endeavours.

MRS. M'CANDLISH shews in MISS BERTRAM, R. whom the COLONEL instantly presents to his sister.

Col. Man. Julia, let me solicit your sisterly intercession with this young lady, the daughter of Sir Godfrey Bertram, the friend by whom your brother's fortunes were entirely promoted, and for whose recent loss, I grieve to say, she now suffers. It is my wish that she

should honour Woodburne with her presence, and find in it a retreat suited to her present feelings. Miss Bertram, let me introduce to your friendship a soldier's sister;—rather a hair-brain'd girl, but well deserving the kindest regard, I assure you.—[*They retire and converse. The Dominie listens to their discourse.*

Mrs. M'Can. [*Coming forward.*] I'm as glad as if any one had order'd a rump and dozen, or the commissioners had bespoke a county dinner. I hope they may persuade Miss Bertram. Who knows what may happen, if they do? The great Col. Mannering, with sacks full of diamonds, from the India wars, and who was loved by her father too!—If a marriage should happen, there'll be fine doings in the Gorden Arms that day, I'll warrant.

Samp. [*Jumping forward from the party.*] She will consent to go to the mansion of the great man of battle!—Exultemus! Venite! Exultemus! I will rejoice!—I will uplift a stave of joy, yea, I will sing!—I do remember me of a catch, which I was wont to sing twice a-year, when a bursar of St. Leonard's College. St. Andrews, with good appro-ba-tion.

[*He makes many contortions and efforts, like one who first forgets words, then tune; at length breaks out with absurd bashfulness—*

“The fox jumpt over the parson's gate;
Fal lal loo! fo lero, lero loo!”

[*They laugh.*

Bear with me, my friends; it is but seldom I am thus jocose. I will again essay, and with more audacity, for my own voice did somewhat abash me!—

“The fox jumpt over—”

Verily,—I need support.—Worthy Mrs. M'Candlish, sing with me.

Mrs. M'Can. I!

Samp. Yes! Cantate with me.

Mrs. M'Can. Heaven help you! I never sung in all my life! but, there's two of our honest neighbours in the next room, who hate Glossin, and all such oppressors, will be glad enough to cantitate with you, I warrant.

[*Crosses to 11.*

Samp. Then announce the gladsome tidings unto them, and bid them hither.—[*Exit Mrs. M' Candlish, L.*—In the mean time will I preludize.

FINALE.

Enter two Farmers to the Symphony, L.

SAMPSON.

The fox jumpt over the parson's gate,
And stole his poultry from under his nose;
"Aha!" quoth the parson, who popt out his pate,
"A good fat hen, and away she goes!"

MISS MANNERING. [*Leading Lucy forward.*]

Calm, lady! calm your troubled breast!
Beneath our roof of friendship rest;
There say what most may sooth your woes—

Samp. "A good fat hen, and away she goes!"

MISS BERTRAM.

Friendship, thou canst balm impart
To the wounded suffering heart!
A mourner to thy generous roof I fly,
And then, should silent tears intrude,
The gleam of glistening gratitude
Shall light the pendent drops in sorrow's eye.

TRIO—MISS MANNERING, &c.

Away with old Care, let the dullard go down,
Mirth and pleasure life's short rosy moments should crown;
For what gain or what good e'er from sorrow arose!

Samp. "A good fat hen, and away she goes!"

Chorus. Let's rejoice!!!

Samp. It doth beseem us.

Chorus. Let's be jovial!!!

Samp. Exultemus!!

Chorus. Hence, ye sordid and litigious!
Hence oppression, hence

Samp. Prodigious!

[*Exeunt, L.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Miss Mannering's Boudoir in the House at Woodburne.—One of the doors supposed to lead into Miss Mannering's Apartment, L.—Large folding Doors, through which is seen the Library, R. S. E.—Venetian Windows, C., opening on a Balcony, with steps to the Lake beneath.—The moonlight gleaming upon it, with strong, clear, and distinct illumination.—The apartment is decorated with Indian Curiosities,—Horns,—Skins of Tigers, &c. &c.—Dresses of Indian Tribes—Book-stands—Dressing and Work-tables, a Harp, &c.*

MISS MANNERING, R. H. MISS BERTRAM, and the COLONEL. L. H. *discovered, as after supper.*

Miss Man. Upon my word, brother, it is quite time to send you about your business. Formerly, I had to beg for your society. I admit there was little temptation in those days.

Col. Man. Pardon me, Julia; but now you will allow it is doubled.

Miss Man. Aye,—as you double a cypher, by placing a figure before it, and render its value ten fold. [*Pointing to Miss Bertram.—They rise from the table.*]

Col. Man. Julia, pray prevail upon Miss Bertram to sing that lovely air she was beginning, when the servant interrupted us.—It was a beautiful thing! wild,—yet so pathetic.

Miss B. It has borrowed its tone of feeling, Colonel Mannering, from the situation of the singer! It is said, from a very ancient period, to have been sung in our family to soothe the slumbers of the infant heir!

Miss Man. O, pray sing it. [*Crosses to centre.*]

Miss B. It is not worth refusing.

AIR.—MISS BERTRAM.

Oh! slumber, my darling,
 Thy sire is a knight,
 Thy mother a lady,
 So lovely and bright;
 The hills and the dales,
 From the towers which we see,
 They all shall belong,
 My dear infant, to thee.

Oh! rest thee, babe; rest thee, babe;
Sleep on till day!

Oh! rest thee, babe; rest thee babe;
Sleep while you may.

Oh! rest thee, my darling,
The time it shall come,
When thy sleep shall be broken
By trumpet and drum:

Then rest thee, my darling,
Oh! sleep while you may;
For war comes with manhood,
As light comes with day.

Oh, rest thee, babe, &c.

Miss Man. And was this really made for your own family?

Miss B. Oh, yes; and a hundred more such ditties! While my only brother, little Harry, was spared to my parents, it was sung to him every night by an old gipsy nurse; and I have heard, tho' so young, he could sing it quite well.—There is not a milk-maid on the estate, once ours, but can chaunt it, and knows its history! and I have heard,—tho' it hardly deserves mentioning,—that the person now in possession—this Glossin, has, as far as he can, forbidden them to sing it, which makes it doubly a favourite with me.

Col. Man. That's not surprising; music and poetry were never made for so base-born and wretched a chicaner.

Miss Man. Neither, brother, are they made for you, high-born and chivalrous as you are, after twelve o'clock at night, in a quiet house in the country.

Col. Man. I obey your hint: good night, Julia.—[*Salutes her with kindness and familiarity, then turns to Miss Bertram very respectfully.*—That every morning may bring Miss Bertram nearer to the restoration of all her heart can hope, is my most earnest prayer, and shall be the object of my most zealous exertion.

[*Exit. R. D.*

Miss Man. A lion in the toils! Oh, Lucy, dear Lucy! if you knew what meshes have been spread for that proud Colonel, in vain.

Miss B. Good night, Miss Mannering! and if I do not chide you for these speeches, it is because your kindness always atones for your—your—

Miss Man. For my folly, eh? Well, we'll sleep and dream of gallant knights vanquishing wicked robbers, and restoring forlorn damsels to their rightful homes—

Miss B. Good night! good night! [*Boat crosses here, over the Lake, from R.*] [Exit L.]

Enter FLORA, R.

Miss Man. She is a charming girl! But how she can remember all the names of her ancestors.—These Rolands, and M'Dingawaies, and Donagilds—[*Seeing Flora.*] Oh, Flora! did my old servant, Grace, whom my brother sent back to the house in London, say nothing to you before she went away?

Flora. Oh, yes, ma'am.—[*Significantly.*]—She told me your ladyship might have some occasion for my services in a very confidential way; [*Boat appears again,*]—that there was a gentleman, of whose addresses Colonel Mannerling disapproved rather, ma'am.

Miss Man. But she should have added, also, that my brother could find no possible objection to him, but in his own prejudices against a man of unknown birth, who could bring no M'Dingawaies, nor Donagilds to back his suit.—Now, tho' I cannot sympathize in such prejudices, I have, since the unhappy duel between them, in which my lover was wounded, endeavoured to avoid all communication with him; yet, I fear, he is at this moment perhaps too near me.

Flora. What, here, madam?

Miss Man. Twice have I heard about this hour on the lake, a flute, playing an Indian air, which in happier hours we used to sing together.

Flora. Ay, madam, it's he, I warrant! no one but a lover, or a madman, would come fluting on a lake at moon light, in a cold winter night.—[*flute plays outside, L.*]—Hark, madam! as I live, I think I hear it now!

Miss Man. Hush!—[*A flute is heard to play the symphony of an Indian Air under the window.*]—Is it earthly music? I'm in the land of superstition, and begin to share it's influence, I think.

Flora. Wait a little, ma'am; you'll find the fluting gentleman no ghost, I warrant.

Miss Man. It is indeed the very air he taught me; I'll sing it;—if it be he, he will answer it.

AIR.—MISS MANNERING.

Oh tell me, love, the dearest hour
 The parted anxious lover knows,
 When passion, with enchanter's pow'r,
 Across his faithful mem'ry throws
 Its softest, brightest flame.

BERTRAM.—[*Without*, U. L. E.]

'Tis when he sings on some lone shore,
 Where Echo's vocal spirits throng;
 Whose aëry voices, o'er and o'er,
 On still and moonlight lake prolong
 One dear-lov'd, thrilling name.

[*At the end of the verse, Bertram rushes up the Balcony steps from the Lake.*]

Ber. Julia! belov'd Julia!

Miss Man. 'Tis he himself;—begone! begone! What will this end in?—[*Turns away from him.*]

Flora. A ring, a parson, and a cradle, I warrant, ma'am.

Ber. Will you refuse me even the privilege of a friend, Julia?

Miss Man. You deserve not the name! Thus to seek a stolen interview, which I am forced to endure, because my giving any alarm would again involve you in a quarrel with my brother, and bring your life once more in danger.

Ber. Do you then blame me, Julia for what was forced upon me by his caprice, his injustice! Oh! let me now entreat you to fulfil the hopes you once gave me, and trust to time to reconcile your proud brother!

SONG.—BERTRAM.

Be mine, dear maid! my faithful heart
 Can never prove untrue!
 'Twere easier far from life to part,
 Than cease to live for you.
 My soul, gone forth from this lone breast,
 Lives only, love, in thine:
 There is its holy home of rest,
 Its dear, its chosen shrine.
 Then turn thee not away, my dear.
 Oh! turn thee not away love!
 For by the light of truth I swear
 To love thee night and day love,

'Tis not mine eye thy beauty loves,
 Mine ear thy tuneful voice;
 But 'tis my heart, thy heart approves—
 A life-enduring choice;
 The lark shall first forget to sing, †
 When morn unfolds the east,
 E'er I by change or coldness wring
 Thy fond confiding breast.

Then turn thee not away, &c. &c.

[A heavy lumbering noise heard without in the Library, R.]

Miss Man. [Alarmed.] What noise is that?

Flora. [Looking out.] Only Mr. Sampson, madam, stumbling up and down the library! Never mind the good soul!—with him, even seeing is not believing.

Miss Man. For heaven's sake, sir, begone the way you came!

Flora. Aye, do—here, here, sir!

Ber. [Runs to the Balcony.] I cannot;—my boat is in possession of your brother's servants.

Miss Man. To what difficulty has your folly reduced me?

Flora. [Watching.] Mr. Sampson has blundered this way, sure enough.

[Sampson is seen through the Library with a long candlestick in his hand, in his night-gown and cap.]

Miss Man. What's to be done?

Flora. I have it, I have it, ma'am;—let the gentleman put on one of those outlandish Indian dresses, and squat down behind the harp: Mr. Sampson won't notice him; and if he does, let me alone.

Ber. Nay, if I cannot play a Bramin after being so many years in India, it's very hard.—[They assist to dress him, and conceal him behind the instrument.]

Miss Man. But how shall we account for his being here, if he is discovered?

Flora. We must take our cue from circumstances, ma'am.

Enter SAMPSON, R. H. U. E. from the Library

Samp. Of a verity, this is not the way to mine own apartment, neither! Nay, it doth seem that of a lady.

Flora. [*Whispering.*] There, ma'am, did I not say he would not see us?

Samp. I would I had the clue of Ariadne, for this dwelling is a Cretan labyrinth; I will again essay to extricate myself.—[*He walks toward the women,—Flora advances, whom he does not see till close to her.*—]—Prodigious!

Flora. Why, who would have thought this of you, Mr. Sampson! to be prying about so very near my young lady's dressing-room, at this time of night! I assure you, I take it very strange of you!

Samp. I was erratic, Mistress Flora.

Flora. Never mistress me, man!—but get away as fast as you can: Lord only knows what Colonel Mannering will say, if he should know of it.

Samp. And that might, perchance, prejudice my young mistress, Miss Bertram, in his opinion; woeful man that I am, who shall deliver me?

Flora. Pray go immediately, Mr. Sampson.

Samp. I obey;—I will begone swiftly,—I am beset with fears and trepidations.—[*Crosses to L.—Goes towards L. H. D.*]

Flora. [*Running after him and pulling him back.*] Worse and worse, Mr. Sampson! that's not your way. Would you burst into my young lady's bed-room? Indeed, Mr. Dominie, I begin to suspect you. Is that the way you propose to teach her Hebrew? Oh, fie! fie! fie!

Samp. Prodigious!—I am confounded.—[*Peeping in.*] Assuredly, there is a four-posted bed, with crimson furniture. I will gird up my loins and flee.

[*He struggles out of Flora's grasp, stumbles forward and overturns the harp.—He sees Bertram, and stares at him with great surprise. Bertram retains his cross-legged position of an Indian Priest, and stares at him again with great composure.*]

Mirifice! whom have we here?

Flora. Why, Mr. Sampson, what mischief will you do next? That you should disturb that learned Indian gentleman, just as he was occupied in teaching my young mistress the—the—the—what shall I say? Dear, dear, where shall I find a word?

[*Aside.*]

Samp. Is he a teacher? Then I reverence him. In what is he profound?

Flora. Astrology.

Samp. Prodigious! Nay, then, I will uplift my voice against him.—[*Very loud.*]—The occult sciences are a snare of the enemy,—delusions of darkness!—works of the wicked one!

Miss Man. [*Aside.*] I must stop his clamours!—Nay, Mr. Sampson, I see no more harm in the learned gentleman teaching me the Sanscrit, than in your proposal to teach me Hebrew.

Samp. Pardon me, most honourable;—I knew not when I proffered my poor endeavours, that there was a learned Pundit, who doubtless is better provided;—nevertheless, I will accost him in the Eastern tongue.—[*To Bertram.*]—*Salum alicum!*—[*Bertram rises and salams, which salutation is returned ridiculously by Sampson.*]—Expound unto me, most learned Pundit, whether we shall confer in the Sanscrit of Bengali, in the Telinga, or in the Malaya language! Praise to the blessing of Heaven on my poor endeavours, I am indifferently skill'd in these three tongues.

Ber. Confound your skill!—I am aground:—I know only a few words of Moorish gibberish. [*A knocking at R. D.*

Miss Man. Flora! there's my brother knocking.

Flora. [*To Bertram.*] Follow me down the back stairs, most learned Pundit. [*Exit with Bertram, R. H.*

Samp. Where has the damsel conveyed the learned Pundit? I would converse with him.

Miss Man. Come in, brother!

Enter COLONEL MANNERING, R. D.

Col. Man. What has been the matter? My servants heard music just now upon the lake, and have discovered a strange boat beneath these apartments. I heard, too, a heavy fall in your room.—No accident, I hope?

Miss Man. You heard Mr. Sampson, brother, who has chosen this strange time of night to rummage out the Indian manuscripts in these cabinets, and has stumbled over my harp.

Col. Man. How's this, Mr. Sampson? You should

take other time and place for your Oriental studies, than so close to my sister's room at midnight.

Samp. Honour'd sir! I crave your forgiveness; I wandered unwittingly, and was detained by my thirst for learning; that erudite Moonshee, whom I sought to converse withal.

Miss Man. [*Alarmed, fetches a book from table.*] This is the book you sought, I believe, sir.

Samp. [*Opens a fine illuminated manuscript.*] Prodigious! I profess it is an exemplar of the Shah-Nameh of the illustrious Furdusi! [*Puts it under his arm.*] but, touching that Sanscrit Interpreter, whom—

Re-enter FLORA, R.

Miss Man. Indian Interpreter sir! here it is, in three volumes, folio. [*Pushes them to Sampson.*]

Flora. [*Aside to her mistress while Sampson examines the books.*] I have sent your Pundit safe off, and told him to wait at the village till further advice.

Miss Man. Thank heaven for that! But how shall we get safe from the Dominie? He'll talk of nothing else. [*Aside.*]

Samp. I profess this is the most erudite work, and of great scarcity! I have observed it, honoured colonel, noted in catalogues with four R's, which denoteth "*raris-simus.*" But, worthy sir, as concerning this learned Pundit—

Flora. Is this the book, sir?

Samp. It is rare; but the Ulemat—?

Miss Man. Or this, sir?

Samp. It is precious! but the aforesaid Bramin—

Flora. O, 'tis this, I'm sure

Samp. It is of the last rarity!—but the Moonshee!

Miss Man. Or this..

Samp. It is curious;—but, the Moonshee, the Pundit--- the---

[*They thrust books upon him, which he cannot refuse himself the pleasure of opening, until his hands and arms become embarrassed, and he begins to let them fall, one or two always escaping as he picks up the others.*]

Col. Man. Come, Mr. Sampson, I fancy you had better retire, and what books you wish for shall be brought you. Barnes!

[*Calls.*

Enter BARNES, R.

Light Mr. Sampson to his room—[*Sampson gathers up what books he can carry.*—And hark! When you have shewed him in, lock the door. I must take precautions against this extravagant thirst for information.

Barnes. This way, Mr. Sampson, if you please to follow.

Samp, I prae, sequear! Prodigious!

Exit, loaded with books, following Barnes, R.

Col. Man. All now seems quiet;—so the mystery of the music and boat must remain till opportunity shall lead to discovery.—[*Aside.*—Once more, Julia, good night.

[*Exit, R. D.*

Miss Man. Good night, and thanks for this narrow escape!—Go to my chamber, Flora;—I'll follow directly.

Flora. Yes, ma'am.

[*Exit, L. D.*

Miss Man. I declare I am frightened at my own imprudence! Should my brother discover this business, what will be the consequence? Oh, dear! I wish he would but sympathize a little more with love, and a little less with honour:—but alas!

AIR.—MISS MANNERING.

In ancient times, in Britain's Isle,
 Lord Henry well was known;
 No knight in all the land more fam'd,
 Or more deserv'd renown.
 His heart was all on honour bent,
 He ne'er could stoop to love;
 No lady in the land had pow'r
 His frozen heart to move.

Yet, in that bosom deem'd so stern,
 The kindest feelings dwelt;
 Her tender tale, when pity told,
 It never fail'd to melt.
 But for no idle passion form'd,
 His high heroic mood,
 Glory's sublimer charms alone
 With lover's ardour woo'd.

[*Exit, L. D.*

SCENE II.—*A desolate Heath between Woodburne and Kippletringan.—The Moon declining.*

Enter BERTRAM, L. H. bewildered and uncertain of his way.

Ber. Now the devil take all the glib-tongu'd ladies' maids! would any one have thought, to hear that chattering monkey, that I'd more to do than just to follow my nose straight across the heath, to this Kip-Kap-Kapple—What the devil did she call the place? And here I am, fairly thrown out! The moon's going down too, and I may stray further out of my way. Holloa! I wish some one was within hail, friend or foe, I care not.

Enter DANDIE DINMONT, L.—He comes forward a little tipsy, and staggering.

Din. Fair and softly, fair and softly, Dandie, my lad! Who was that hollowing, I wonder? I should like to fall in with a companion, for it is growing confounded dark; I'll be hang'd if I can see my way: I wish I had got Dumpling; many people pretend to guide their horse; now, I always let my horse guide me: he'd have carried me to the next ale-house, right enough, dark or light. Steady! my head's a little queerish! To think that five poor bottles of rum should have done this now, among four. [*Bertram advances.*] Who goes there?

[*Raising his whip.*

Ber. A friend!

Din. Stand fast a bit though; parley a little, Dandie, —few friends on a moor at midnight. What do you want?

Ber. I am a stranger. My name is Brown, Captain of Fusileers.

Din. And I am Dandie Dinmont, reckoned the best bruiser in this country. I'll eat, drink, or fight wi' any man; so stand off!

Ber. I don't mean to dispute it; I assure you, my friend. I am an Englishman; I have lost my way, and am really in want of a guide to the next town.

Din. Eh! no, are you really. Ye sha'll have one then. If I had but my little horse now, you might have

rode on his crupper; he always finds the way when I lose it, and his back's main strong; he'd carry six if 'twere long enough. But come away. [*Crosses to R. H.*] steady! are ye big, or little?

Ber. Why, middling.

Din. That will do; for this moor, ye must know, is not in great reputation. There's thieves and gipsies haunt it.

Ber. Gipsies! pooh! nonsense!

Din. Oh man, we ha' great faith in 'em in our country. They prophecy, and knock down, like nobody knows what; so every body believes in 'em; and there's an old woman, Meg Merrilies, the queen of 'em, that deals wi' the devil, they say, and can make 'em do any thing, if she but lifts up her finger; she's known for a witch all over these parts.

Ber. Well, my friend, I'll stand by you.

Din. Will ye? Then give me a rough shake of the hand.

Ber. With all my heart.

[*Bertram gives him a hearty shake, which Dinmont returns.*]

Din. Gad! and if your heart be like your hand, it be a plaguy hard one. But look! yonder's a couple of lights dancing bonnily before us.

Ber. A couple? I see but one, friend, and that seems pretty steady.

Din. Does it? Then I've a notion that you don't see with both your eyes, as I do; but come on! let us make our way to it border-fashion, side by side!

Ber. [*Aside.*] The fellow gripes like a smith's vice. Come along, friend, then, side by side.

Din. Aye, like true men; and if we meet with rogues, we'll shew 'em another border-fashion, hand to hand. I say,—you were bawling lustily just now;—I can bawl a bit myself. Suppose we try if we can't nave a kind of a—what d'ye call it—a—double song together, just to cheer the way over the heath.

Ber. With all my heart.

DUET.—BERTRAM *and* DINMONT.

DINMONT.

Without a companion, what's life but a heath
That's wearisome, murky and long?
But Dandie defies dullness, danger, and death,
With his friend and his glass and his song.

BERTRAM.

You're right : with a friend, man, you heighten your zest,
And march o'er life's road brisk and brightly ;
With double delight on its green-swards you rest,
And trip o'er its rough places lightly,

BOTH.

Then come on, side by side, and as long as I've breath,
Here's an arm that's both willing and strong!
Jolly hearts bid defiance to danger and death,
Make light of the dark roads, and short of the long.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE III.—*A wilder and more romantic part of the chase, or forest.—A sort of scattered copse wood, with branches of one or two decayed oaks.—A cliff or two rising behind them.—Hills in the distance.—A Gipsy hut in the centre, with a fire within it. GABRIEL, SEBASTIAN, and other Gipsies, men and women, occupied in cooking, and various other employments, expressive of their habits.—Children mingling in the group.*

Gab. Sebastian, where's the old gun with the Spanish barrel ?

Seb. Why, will you need her to-night ?

Gab. Aye : Dirk Hatteraick, the Dutchman, is on the watch

Seb. What, another shark to be harpoon'd by us gipsies ? [*Comes forward, R.*] I'll have nought to do with it. I hav'nt forgotten how he cried and groan'd.

Gab. What *he* ?

Seb. [*In a low voice.*] *He* of the wood of Ellangowan, sixteen years ago, when they stole the child. No, no. I'll have no more of that. Let Dirk Hatteraick do his own bloody business.

[*Crosses to L.*]

Gab. But it is business that concerns us all. The child, that very child is now a man, and escaped from Batavia ; has served in the army, and has come home again.

Seb. How do you know this ?

Gab. I saw him myself at Carlisle two days since, and you know that I knew him in India.

Seb. Well, well, let him alone ; he'll never remember anything of this country.

Gab. Dirk doesn't think so ; and is determin'd at least to ship him over the herring-pond again. Besides, he has other plans about it. We have had him close watched ; he has been seen twice to take boat on the lake, and was in the house at Woodburne this very night ; that Franco knew, and watched him out of it. He must cross this way to Kippletringan ; and then—

Seb. I say again, I'll not meddle. What does Meg Merrilies say ; she, whom we must all obey ?

Gab. She say ! Why, she doats ; she's no more what she was, or ought to be : she's turned tender-hearted, and swears she'll hinder us from lifting a finger against the lad of Ellangowan, and that if we attempt to keep him from his own, we but fight against fate !

Sab. Well, and we dare not dispute her bidding ; not even her very signs.

Gab. Pooh ! thou art as bad as she : let us only be secret, and do the business before she knows anything about it. Do you go and tell Dirk Hatteraick I'll be at Mirkwood path shortly, with a party to help him. Tell him to keep his ground, and not begin till I come. [*Exit Sebastian, R.*] Come, fellows, to our several stations.

GIPSEY GLEE AND CHORUS.*

FRANCO.

The chough and crow to roost are gone,
The owl sits on the tree ;
The hush'd wind wails with feeble moan,
Like infant charity.
The wild-fire dances on the fen,
The red star sheds its ray :
Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men,
It is our opening day.

Chorus—Up-rouse ye, &c. &c.

*To Mrs. Joanna Bailie's friendly permission, the author was indebted for the use of this beautiful poem ;—accompanied by the music of Bishop, the effect it produces is most powerful and characteristic.

GIPSEY WOMAN.

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,
 And clos'd is every flow'r,
 And winking tapers faintly peep
 High from my lady's bow'r;
 Bewilder'd hinds, with shorten'd ken,
 Shrink on their murky way;
 Up-rouse ye then, my merry men,
 It is our op'ning day.

Chorus—Up-rouse ye, &c. &c.

GABRIEL.

Nor board, nor garner, own we now,
 Nor roof, nor latched door,
 Nor kind mate, bound by holy vow,
 To bless a good man's store:
 Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
 And night is grown our day;
 Up-rouse ye then, my merry men,
 And use it as ye may.

Chorus—Up-rouse ye, &c. &c.

[*Exeunt all but Gabriel, Franco, the Boy and Gipsy girl.*]

[*Voices without, R.*] Holloa! Holloa!

Gab. What voices are those? Holloa! who's there?

Enter BERTRAM and DINMONT, R.

'Tis he himself, by all that's lucky! Then all's safe.

[*Aside.*]

Din. [*Aside to Ber.*] They are the gipsies, but there's only one man with them; the rest are not far off, I reckon. Well, never fear! we are two: and for me, fair play, and I'll face any three of them! Bless ye! they are not fed like the like of us.

Ber. I fear them not; and with you at my side, friend, there's not many things ought to alarm me.

Gab. What seek ye here?

Din. We have lost our way, man, and are seeking that; know ye which way Kippletringan lies?

Gab. Right over the hill, through the ford, cross the bog, thro' the thicket, and you have it.

Din. Hill, ford, bog, thicket! The gipsey knave is making fun, I think. Hark ye, friend! have you a head on your shoulders?

Gab. Ay, sir; and what of that?

Din. Why; how think you it would sort with the butt end of a Liddesdale whip? *[Shakes it at him.]*

Gip. Gir. *[Aside to Gab.]* Take care, give good words. That's fighting Dinmont of Liddesdale! I know him well. I've seen him clear Staneshaw-bank fair from end to end, driving fifty men before him.

Ber. *[In centre.]* Come, sirs, there's no occasion for quarrelling! This gentlemen and I want a guide to the town he mentioned, and I will willingly pay him handsomely.

Din. It's more than he deserves; to refuse two poor bewildered young creatures help, at such a time of night.

Gip. Girl. I'm sure, gentlemen, you'll excuse us; we are not accustomed to see the like of you; but if there's any thing that you would take—

Din. *[In centre.]* Can there be any thing we won't take, my dear? For I have not taken meat or drink this four or five hours, and the cold blast on the hills has given me such an appetite, that, as the Yorkshire man says, "I could eat a horse behind the saddle."

Gip. Girl. Well, sir, such as we have—

Din. That's a good lass! Come, stir! Come, my sulky lad, lend a hand here.

[They draw forward a rude table, L. and place meat and drink upon it,—Gabriel and Francc retire, and whisper together.]

Din. *[To Ber.]* Try a leg of her, man; she's a moor-fowl. *[Helping him.]* Did you ever see a moor fowl in your part of the world?

Ber. Never, unless stuff'd, upon the shelves of a museum.

[Meg Merrilies darts from behind the tent, R. when Bertram speaks; advances softly a step or two, and gazes intently on him.]

Din. Lord, the ignorance of your southern gentlefolks ! Stuff it into your own stomach, man ! [*Drinks.*] This is capital brandy too ! It will be moonshine brandy, I reckon. The smugglers and gipsies are all one man's children. But lord ! captain, (since you say you are a captain,) did you ever in your life see a woman stand staring, as that old gipsy woman has been staring at you ? That's she, I take it, I told you of : she they call Meg Merrilies, the ruler and terror of them all.

Ber. [*Turning round and observing Meg.*] My good woman, do you know me, that you look at me so hard ?

[*Rises.*]

Meg. Better than you know yourself.

Ber. Aye, aye ; that is, you'll tell my future fortune.

Meg. Yes, because I know your past.

Ber. Indeed ! then you have read a perplexed page.

Meg. It will be clearer soon.

Ber. Never less likely.

Meg. Never more so.

Ber. [*Offering money.*] Your manner is wild and oracular enough ; come, give me a proof of your art.

Meg. Offer it not. If, with a simple spell, I cannot recall times which you have long forgotten, hold me the miserablest impostor. Hear me, hear me, Henry—Henry Bertram !

Ber. Henry Bertram ! Sure, I have heard that name ; but when and where—

Meg. Hark ! hark ! to the sound of other days ! Listen, and let your heart awake. “ Girl, come hither ; sing me the song I used to sing to Bertram's babe.”

[*“ The gipsy girl sings the air which Miss Bertram sung, but much more wildly.”*]

AIR—“ GIPSEY GIRL.”*

Oh ! hark thee, young Henry,
Thy sire is a knight,
Thy mother a lady,
So lovely and bright ;
The hills and the dales,
From the towers which we see,
They all shall belong,
My dear Henry, to thee.

*Miss C. Cushman, in her performance of the character of Meg Merrilies sings these lines, and the effect produced is most powerful.

Oh! rest thee, babe; rest thee, babe;
 Sleep on till day
 Oh! rest thee, babe; rest thee, babe;
 Sleep while you may.

Ber. These words do indeed thrill my bosom with strange emotions. Woman, speak more plainly, and tell me why those sounds thus agitate my inmost soul; and what ideas they are, that thus darkly throng upon my mind at hearing them.

MEG. Speaks.

Listen, youth, to words of power,
 Swiftly comes the rightful hour!
 They, who did thee scathe and wrong,
 Shall pay their deeds by death e'er long.
 The dark shall be light,
 And the wrong made right,
 And Bertram's right, and Bertram's might,
 Shall meet on Ellangowan's height!

[Exit Gabriel, suddenly up the rocks, after appearing to give Franco some directions.]

Ber. *[Stands gazing on her, thoughtful and surprised.]* Bertram! Bertram! Why does that name sound so familiar to me?

Din He is bewitched, for certain. There was always witchcraft and devilry among them gipsy clan, I have heard.

Meg. *[Who has watched Gabriel up.]* And now begone! Franco, guide these strangers on their way to Kippletringan. Yet, stay; let me see your hand. *[Leads him forward.]* What say these lines of the fortunes past? Wandering and woe, and danger, and crosses in love and in friendship! What of the future? Honour, wealth, prosperity, love rewarded, and friendship re-united! But what of the present? Aye! there's a trace, which speaks of danger, of captivity, perchance; but not of death! *[Looks cautiously round, then beckons Dinmont, and speaks in a very low deep voice.]* If you are attacked, be men, and let your hands defend your heads! I will not be far distant from you in the moment of need. And now begone! Fate calls you! Away, away, away! *[She retires into the tent, R.]*

Din. Lord, captain, I wish she may be all right, and not familiar with other things than live in this world.

Ber. Don't be afraid, my friend.

Din. Fear'd! damn'd a whistle fear I! Be she witch or devil, its all one to Dandie; and yet I felt but once like just now, when she was conjuring. If I could ha' muster'd a bit of a pray'r, I don't know but I'd have given it her!—but, as I said, devil take me if I baulk you, captain; so forward, my little fellow, and we'll follow.

Franco. This way, gentlefolks! [*Exit Franco up the rocks, Dandie and Bertram following.*]

SCENE IV.—*A wild landscape. Enter GABRIEL, L. cautiously, and looking back.*

Gab. Franco has observed my track, I see! That's a promising chick in our craft, and loves his profession. He has as quick an eye to mischief as the oldest of our gang. [*Enter FRANCO, quickly, L*] Well, my little decoy duck, are they far behind?

Franco. Not far; I watched you, and sported on before, to get a word with you, now we're free from old Meg.

Gab. Well, then, lead 'em down the pass in the rocks, to Hatteraick's point, and contrive to loiter there till I come up the glen with my party; but be sure not to give Dirk the signal till you see us.

Franco. Trust to me, Gabriel, Hush! they are here.

Enter DINMONT and BERTRAM, L.

Din. Halloa! you, sir! You here too? What are you saying to the boy?

Gab. I only came to give him directions; I fear'd he might mistake the road.

Din. Look you, friend! your people sometimes come up our water-side; now they have always had a barn, and clean straw, and a bellyful, at Charlie's Hope; but if you play us any trick now, the devil take me, if you or they shall ever have any thing but your shirts full of broken bones. Damn it, I could find the way myself; for the brandy has cleared my eyes, the rum had blinded.

Gab. There's no cause for your suspicion, sir; you'll be taken care of, depend 'on it.

SONG—GABRIEL.

Follow him, nor fearful deem
 Danger lurks in gipsy-guile;
 Rude and lawless tho' we seem,
 Simple hearts we bear the while.
 Robber fierce, nor thief is here,
 Who shroud by night in savage den;
 Fearless then, o'er mosses drear,
 Gloomy thicket, darksome glen,
 Safely follow, follow him.

From rustic swains, the petty bribe,
 Petty spoil from cot, or farm,
 Content the wand'ring gipsy tribe,
 Who the traveller never harm.
 Then, nor thief, nor robber fear,
 Who shroud by night in savage den;
 But thro' mosses, dank and drear,
 Barren wilds, and darksome glen,
 Safely follow, follow him.

| *Exeunt Gabriel, L. Dinmont and Bertram following Franco, R.*

SCENE V.—*A sort of Dell or Passe, with cliffs rugged and broken; shaggy underwood growing on each side. In the Offing, the Sea, or rather an inlet from it, and a Smugglers' lugger riding in the distance. Two Smugglers lurking on the rocks. The grey dawn of morning, with the sun faintly seen to light the extreme horizon.*

Enter HATTERAICK and SEBASTIAN, down the rocks, U. E. R.

Hatt. By the elements, your fire's out, your spirit's gone, Sebastian! You're turned cowards and cravens, every man of you! O, the pretty lads I have seen you gipsy tribe turn out, to land a cargo, or to fight the land sharks! And to wince at such a trifle as this!

Seb. But I tell you, Dirk Hatteraick, that Meg will not consent that there should be a hair of his head hurt; and thou know'st well the weight she has with all our tribe, and why she has it. We dare not disobey even her signs and looks.

Hatt. Aye, aye: because your people think she is hand and glove with old Satan.

Seb. And what is your purpose, Captain Hatteraick ! I think I have a good right to know it.

Hatt. What right ?

Seb. Why, before a man slips his neck within the compass of a halter, I think he may be allowed to ask a civil question, Why ?

Hatt. Well then, you suspicious hound, if thou wert at the top of that cliff, what large house would you see ?

Seb. Ellangowan Castle, to be sure. What of that ?

Hatt. And to whom does Ellangowan Castle belong ?

Seb. Why, they say it belongs to your old acquaintance, Gilbert Glossin !

Hatt. It does ; but if this lad, this Brown, as they call him, this heir-male, were safe under hatches yonder, in in my lugger, ready to be produced with the documents which I can give him, whose would the estate be then, eh ?

Seb. I begin to see your drift, captain.

Hatt. Why mine, man, and thine ; and all who hold the secret, to threaten Glossin with. He shall be our factor only, and draw the rents for us ; the castle's our own to revel in, and he shall not dare to say us nay ! So set your foot to mine, lads, and we secure the youngster in a moment, and keep him like a bagged fox, to be turned out as we see cause.

Seb. But you had better wait for Gabriel, and his fellows. Young Bertram's a powerful man ; if he resists, and—

Hatt. And is killed, you mean ; why then, we must keep the secret, and make that scoundrel Glossin believe him still alive. But zounds ! have done with your *buts* and *ands*. Here they come. Stand back, lads, behind the cliff.

[*They conceal themselves* R. H. W. E.

Enter BERTRAM and DANDIE, preceded by FRANCO, down the winding path of an opposite cliff. L. H.

Din. [*On the cliff.*] I tell you, my cock sparrow, I have had a special notion this some time past, that you are leading us out of the road to Kippletringan ! and if you are, my chicken, I'll think no more of ringing your neck round, than that of a moor-fowl pout !

[*Dinmont by this time is down in front, and Franco anxiously looking off,* R.]

What ails ye now, you devil's bird, that you stand staring down the glen? I have not the truth out of you!
[Shakes him.]

Franco. I only thought, perhaps, the gentleman might like to see the rocks; many southern gentlemen come to see this glen: it's famous!

Din. Rocks and glens! when we want to get to a town and our beds! Come, come, where's the way next?

Franco. *[Affecting great fear.]* You terrify me so, I don't know.

Din. If I take you in hand, young one—

Ber. O, let him alone; you frighten him; he is but a boy!

Din. A boy! there's as much mischief in the devil's little finger, they say, as there is in all his body; he's hatching a lie at this moment.

Franco. *[Aside.]* I see 'em; dear sir, if you heard the curious echo that is here, you would not be angry.

Ber. Echo! What echo, my little lad?

Franco. You shall hear.

[Seems pleased, blows a whistle, and runs off, R.]

[HATTERAICK and his sailors rush forward, from R. H. U. E.—GABRIEL enters, from R. H. S. E. with two or three Gipsy men.—Just as they are going to fall on, MEG MERRILIES suddenly appears upon an eminence, W. E. L. H. between the parties, and waves off the Gipsies, who shrink back at her signal.]

Meg. Gipsies, strike not, at your peril! Children, obey me, and depart.

Hatt. Witch! fiend! hag! Cowards, will ye desert me at a woman's bidding? Then we must do it ourselves. At 'em, lads.

[A violent scuffle, in which the sailors are worsted and driven off, R. H. U. E.—Hatteraick is knocked down and made prisoner.—Meg disappears, W. E. L. H.]

Din. Well, the devil such sport as this, captain, I never saw. How that fellow fought.

Bert. But what shall we do with our prisoner? he seems resolved not to walk.

Din. I cannot blame him,—it's a rough road to the gallows!—[*To Hatteraick.*]*—Come, lad, will ye get up and walk, or shall I carry you on my shoulders, as if you were a sheep?*

[*Bertram assists Dandie to lift up Hatteraick, whose arms they bind.—He looks dogged and stern, but makes no resistance.*]

Ber. Now, sir, be pleased to use your legs. No? motionless and silent? We'll find a way to make you march.

[*“Bagpipes, L. U. E.—A march heard behind the scenes.”*]

Din. And as good luck would have it, yonder comes “the Highland party I saw at the fair yesterday, and a troop of the village lads and lasses following the merry bagpipes. ’Gad, we’ll have enough to carry you now, lad, gaily and lightly; and it’s my old acquaintance, “Serjeant M’Crae, with them too.

“The party march on the stage, L.

“How is all with you, serjeant? and how came you in this queer out-o’-the-way place?

“Serj. Why, we’re order’d here, to look out for some “smugglers and banditti.

“Din. We have been before-hand with you, man: “fought them, beat them, and made a prisoner! And “you must help us to take him to the next justice’s, “Gibbie Glossin’s, at Ellangowan.

“Serj. With all my heart. Take him away, lads.

[*“Exeunt two soldiers carrying Dirk, L. S. E*

“But I must first refresh my party.

“Din. And what will refresh them?

“Serj. A dram.

“Din. And what more?

“Serj. A song.

“Din. And what more?

“Serj. A dance.

“Din. Bravo, serjeant! you keep a right Highland “heart still.

SONG AND CHORUS.

"Now fill the glass, and let it pass
 "From hand to hand wi' glee, man;
 "The faint are bold, and young the old,
 "When whiskey fires their ee', man.
 "The kelted lads frae Scottish hills,
 "When taking aff their native gills,
 "Find every norve wi' courage fills;
 "A dauntless band,
 "Like rocks they stand,
 "And wield the brand
 "Wi' deadly hand,
 "Till foes all fall or flee, man.

 "Let pipers chant a rattling rant,
 "And lasses join the dance, man,
 "Wi' music-craft and whiskey daff,
 "Our pulses wildly prance, man.
 "Then lads gae mad from head to heel,
 "Strike hands, and then strike up a reel,
 "And in the air they glance and wheel,
 "They set and shout,
 "And in and out,
 "They cross about,
 "Till all the rout
 "Are lost in pleasure's trance, man,
 [*They dance a Scotch dance.*]

 ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Ellangowan.*—*The Sea-shore, with the Castle on the rocks.*

Enter MEG, L.

Meg. From one peril I have preserved young Bertram! his greatest and his last is still to come. From that too will I protect him; for I was born to raise the house of Ellangowan from its ruins.

Enter SEBASTIAN, R.

Now, Sebastian, thy tidings?

Seb. Dirk Hatteraick has sent his orders by me, for our crew to meet him instantly at the old tower of Dorn-cleugh.

Meg. Hatteraick! Why, was he not secured, and taken to Dinmont and the youth to Glossin's? Is he not in the hands of justice?

Seb. He was ; but he has slipt through its fingers, and without much difficulty : for they were opened to him on purpose.

Meg. What meanest thou ?

Seb. Why, that his old friend Justice Glossin contrived that he should effect his escape from the Castle-Keep, where he was confined ; and the friendly smuggler and lawyer meet to-night in the cavern by Dorncleugh Tower, where we are to assist them in making sure (as they call it) of that youngster of Ellangowan, whom Glossin is to separate from his sturdy companion, and send over the heath alone.

Meg. I understand it,—his death is purpos'd ; and they have chosen the scene of one murder to commit another. Right ! The blood spilt on that spot, has long cried for vengeance, and it shall fall upon them. Sebastian, speed to Dinmont and the youth : tell them not to separate for their lives,—guide them to the glen near the tower ; there let them wait till Glossin and Hatteraick meet in the cavern, and I will join them. Away, and do my bidding !—[*Exit Sebastian, R. H.*].—Now to send to Mannering,—I must remain on the watch myself :—Gabriel I dare not trust. Ha ! who comes now ? The girl herself, and Abel Sampson, Henry Bertram's ancient tutor ! It shall be so—

[*Retires, R.*]

Enter JULIA and LUCY, L. H.

Julia. Upon my word, my dear Lucy, this Scotland of your's is the most gallant country in the world. There's even Mr. Sampson yonder, turned as arrand a coxcomb as my brother, in our service. How delightful the old gentleman does look in his new suit ! What wonders will you work next ? An old, abstracted philosopher, dangling after us, a beau-companion ; and a proud, stern, stoical soldier, melted down into your forlorn true lover.

Lucy. Why will you thus continue to persecute me with speeches, which gratitude and delicacy, and above all, the remembrance of my deep and recent afflictions, should forbid me listening to.

Julia. By no means, my dear ; gratitude and delicacy, and every thing in the world, should bid you listen to a

man, who (I can tell you from good authority) is over head and ears in love with you. What say you, dearest Lucy, will you be my sister?

Lucy. Oh Julia! What can,—what ought I to say? Spare me, I entreat you! My heart is too full: Let your's speak for me.

AIR.—MISS BERTRAM.

Oh! blame me not, that such high worth
Hath rais'd of love the gentle flame;
Yet, as I own it—quicker throbs
The timid, trembling pulse of shame.
When pity dries the falling tear,
Love, unperceiv'd, will venture in;
And kindness to a wounded heart,
Is sure that wounded heart to win.

My fault'ring tongue, my downcast eyes,
Reveal my bosom thoughts too plain;
But where love wore a form so good,
Ah! tell me, could it plead in vain?
This heart without a resting place,
Was like the wand'ring weary dove,
Return'd from sorrow's storms, to seek
A shelter in the ark of love.

Julia. Oh, here comes Mr. Sampson.

Lucy. Pray endeavour to divert the poor man's attention, for his change of dress quite confuses him. How could you play such a roguish trick upon the good absent soul, as to make the servant put new clothes in his room, in the place of his old ones?

Enter SAMPSON, L. looking at his clothes.

Samp. Truly, my outward man doth somewhat embarrass my sensations of identity. My vestments are renovated miraculously.

Julia. Mr. Sampson, will you favor us with your arm?

Samp. [*Looks at her a moment, then returns to his clothes.*] Of a verity, these sleeves are regenerated, so are the knees of my breeches, or subligaculi, as the ancients denominated them.

Lucy. Come, Mr. Sampson, we wait for you.

Samp. Honour'd young lady. I—Where can the patch and darning be removed unto?

Lucy. What's the matter, Sir?

Samp. I know not, I am nubilous; doubtless the air of Woodburne is favorable unto wearing apparel; for the surface of my garments is as fresh as when I first put them on, ten years ago! Miraculous! Idem et alter! Prodigious! But I crave forgiveness, young ladies,—we will proceed. [*As they are going Meg stops them.*]

Meg. Stop! I command ye!

Samp. Avoid thee! [*Starts and runs back.*]

Julia. What a frightful creature! here! here. Sir! [*Holding her purse to Sampson.*] Give her something, and bid her go.

Meg. I want not your trash.

Lucy. She's mad!

Meg. No; I am not mad. I've been imprisoned for mad,—scourged for mad,—banished for mad; but mad I am not.

Lucy. For mercy's sake, good woman, what is it you want?

Meg. Go hence, Lucy Bertram, and Julia Mannering; there's no harm meant you, and, may be, much good at hand. Hence! 'tis Abel Sampson, I want.

Samp. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Meg Merrilies, renowned for her sorceries! I hav'nt seen her for many a year. My blood curdles to hear her! Young ladies, depart and fear not. I am somewhat tremulous, but I am vigorous. Lo! I will resist. [*Edges round between the ladies and Meg, to cover their retreat;—they go off, L.—Points his long cane at her.*] I am perturbed at thy words. Woman, I conjure thee! [*She advances.*] Nay then, will I flee incontinently.

Meg. Halt! and stand fast, or ye shall rue the day, while a limb of you hangs together!

Samp. Conjuro te, nequissima, et scelestissima!

Meg. What gibberish is that? Go from me to Colonel Mannering.

Samp. I am fugacious. [*He attempts to fly, she makes at him.*]

Meg. Stay, thou tremblest! drink of this. [*Offers a flask.*]

Samp. I am not athirst. most execrable,—I mean, excellent—

Meg. Drink! and put some heart in you, or I will—

Samp. Lo! I obey! [Drinks.]

Meg. Can your learning tell you what that is?

Samp. Praised be thy bounty, brandy.

Meg. Will you remember my errand now?

Samp. I will, most pernicious; that is, pertinaciously.

Meg. Then tell Colonel Mannering, if ever he owed a debt to the house of Ellangowan, and hopes to see it prosper, he must come instantly, armed, and well attended, to the glen, below the tower of Dorncleugh; and fail not on his life! You know the spot.

Samp. I do, where you once dwelt, most accursed;—that is most accurate.

Meg. Aye, Abel Sampson, there blazed my hearth for many a day! and there, beneath the willow that hung its garlands over the brook, I've sat and sung to Harry Bertram songs of the old time. [Crosses to l.]

Samp. [Aside.] Witch-rhymes and incantations. I would I could abscond.

Meg. That tree is wither'd now, never to be green again:—and old Meg Merrilies will never sing blythe songs more. [Crosses to r.] But I charge you, Abel Sampson, when the heir shall have his own,—as soon he shall—

Samp. Woman! What say'st thou?

Meg. That you tell him not to forget Meg Merrilies, but to build up the old walls in the glen for her sake, and let those that live there be too good to fear the beings of another world; for, if ever the dead come back among the living, I will be seen in that glen many a-night after these crazed bones are whitened in the mouldering grave.

Samp. Fears and perturbations creep upon me! but I will speak soothingly unto her. [Aside.] Assuredly, Mistress Margaret Merrilies, I will go whither thou biddest me, and remember your behest; but touching the return of little Harry Bertram, I opine—

Meg. I have said it, old man! ye shall see him again, and the best lord he shall be that Ellangowan has seen these hundred years. But you're o'er long here.—To Mannering! Away! and bid him come to that spot instantly, or the heir of Ellangowan may perish for ever.

Samp. I will hie me nimbly, most fascinorous ;—I would say fascinating. Prodigious ! Prodigious ! Prodigious !

[*This he repeats as Meg motions him off, L. She stands looking after him, her arm pointed in the direction he is going.*

Meg. Now then to complete the work of fate : the moment is at hand when all shall behold,

Bertram's right, and Bertram's might,
Meet on Ellangowan's height.

[*Exit, R.*

SCENE II.—*An apartment in Woodburne-house.—Swords, guns, pistols, &c., over the mantelpiece.—Enter COLONEL MANNERING, R. followed by LUCY and JULIA.*

Miss Man. Oh, my dear brother ! you cannot think how frighten'd we were ! she desired us to go away. It was Mr. Sampson she said she wanted to speak with.

Miss M. I wish he were returned. [*Samp. is heard without, L. speaking to Flora.*

Samp. Avoid thee !—that is, where is Colonel Mannering ?

Flora. This way, Mr. Sampson ! follow me.

Samp. Conjuro te :—I mean, shew me to him.

Col. Man. Here is Mr. Sampson ; and now perhaps, we shall know how to act.

Enter SAMPSON, L. preceded by FLORA.

Flora. Gracious me, Mr Sampson, what's the matter with you ?

Samp. Exorciso te !

Flora. Exercise me ! What is't you mean, sir ! Are you out of your wits ?

Samp. Conjuro te !

Flora. Conjure some tea ? You're bewitched yourself, for certain.

Samp. Of a surety, it is my belief—deprecor ;—this is, I would confer with the Colonel Mannering.

Flora. Well, there is the Colonel, and the young ladies with him, Mr. Sampson. [*Exit L.*

Col. Man. Now, Mr. Sampson what is the meaning of all this alarm ?

Samp. Exorciso!—

Col. Man. How, sir?

Samp. I crave pardon, honorable sir; but my wits—

Col. Man. Seem rather disorder'd, I think; but I beg you will arrange them, and explain your business.

Samp. I will: sed conjuro te!—I mean, I will deliver my message.

Col. Man. Your message! from whom?

Samp. From Beelzebub, I believe.

Col. Man. This is an ill-tim'd jest, Mr. Sampson.

Samp. She, of whom I spake is no jesting person.

Col. Man. Whom, whom did you speak of?

Samp. Beelzebub's mistress, Meg Merrilies.

Lucy. Good heaven! was it she whom I saw? Oh, sir, what said she?

Samp. Prodigious! I am oblivious.

Col. Man. Mr. Sampson, how can you trifle thus?

Samp. Honored Colonel, bear with me a moment. The witch has terrified me! It was touching little Harry Bertram.

Lucy. How! my long-lost brother?

Samp. Yea! who, tho' of a tender age, was, by a blessing on my poor endeavors, a prodigy of learning.

Col. Man. Well, sir, but what of him?

Samp. Of a verity, she prophesied his return.

Lucy. Gracious heaven!

Samp. And has commanded you, worthy Colonel, to attend her summons, with armed men, at her ancient domicile, in the glen, by Derneleugh tower.

Col. Man. With armed men.

Samp. Yea, and speedily; lest, as she said, the heir of Ellangowan perisheth for ever.

Col. Man. It shall be attended to this moment. Mr. Sampson, protect the ladies! arm yourself, and follow. Your presence may be important. [Exit, L.]

Samp. [Takes down a gun and sword from the wall.] Young ladies, follow me, and fear not, Lo! I have armed myself, and will smite lustily in the cause of little Harry. [The gun goes off.] P-r-o-o-digious! [The ladies run off, he after them, dragging the gun, and shouldering the sword awkwardly]

SCENE III.—*The cavern near the tower of Darncleugh; the broken and lofty entrance at the summit of the stage, from which descends a rugged path; another dark and narrow, passage hewn in the rock below.*—HATTERAICK is discovered walking up and down in the vault over the embers of a fire, with the gestures of one who finds it difficult to keep himself warm.—Enter GLOSSIN, cautiously, from R. U. E. with a dark lantern.

Glos. Hist! hist!

Hatt. Is it you?

Glos. Are you in the dark, my dear Dirk?

Hatt. Dark! Dark as the devil's mouth, and my fire is out.

Glos. We'll repair it in a trice. [*Gathers up some dry sticks, and repairs the fire; as it breaks out, Dirk warms himself with eagerness.*] It is a cold place, to be sure.

Hatt. Cold! snow-water and hail! It is perdition! And I could only keep myself alive, by walking up and down this infernal hole, and thinking of the merry rouses we have had in it.

Glos. And shall again, boy. [*Produces a flask.*] See here's something to warm your heart, as well as your limbs.

Hatt. Give it me, give it me. Ah! this lights the fire within. I have dreamt of nothing but that d—'d dead fellow, Kennedy, ever since I've been here.

Glos. Come, come, the cold's at your heart still; take another pull. I left that bull-headed brute of a farmer, refreshing, as he calls it, with the soldiers, and the youngster crosses the heath alone; so there's an easy trick to be won.

Hatt. No, I rather fight for it. A few good blows put a colour upon such a business; besides, I should like my revenge on that Liddesdale bully, for the hard knock on the head he gave me.

[MEG MERRILIES appears through the narrow entrance, R. attended by BERTRAM and DINMONT.]

Meg. [*In a deep whisper to Bertram.*] Will you believe me now? You shall hear them attest all I have said; but do not stir till I give the sign. [*They retire, R. H.*]

Hatt. [*Who has been warming himself.*] Is Sebastian true, think you?

Glos. True as steel! I fear none of them but old Meg.

Meg. [*Steps forward to them.*] And what d'ye fear from her?

Glos. [*Aside.*] What fury has brought this hag hither? [*to Meg.*]*—*Nay, nothing, nothing, my good mother; I was only fearing you might not come here, to see our old friend Dirk Hatteraick before he left us.

Meg. What brings him back with the blood of the Kennedy upon his hands?

Hatt. It has dried up, you hag; it has dried up twenty years ago.

Meg. It has not! It cries night and day, from the bottom of this dungeon, to the blue arch of heaven; and never so loudly as at this moment! and yet you proceed, as if your hands were whiter than the lily.

Hatt. Peace, you foul witch! or I'll make you quiet.

Glos. No violence, no violence against honest Meg! I will show her such good reasons for what we have further to do. You know our purpose, I suppose?

Meg. Yes! to murder an unoffending youth, the heir of Ellangowan. And you, you treacherous cur, that bit the charitable hand that fed you! will you again be helping to kidnap your master's son? Beware! I always told ye evil would come on ye, and in this very cave.

Glos. Hark ye, Meg, we must speak plain to you! My friend Dirk Hatteraick and I have made up our minds about this youngster, and it signifies nothing talking, unless you have a mind to share his fate. You were as deep as we in the whole business.

Meg. 'Tis false! you forced me to consent that you should hurry him away, kidnap him, plunder him; but to murder him was your own device! Your's! And it has thriven with you well.

Hatt. The old hag has croaked nothing but evil bodings these twenty years; she has been a rock-a-head to me all my life.

Meg. I, a rock-a-head! The gallows is your rock-a-head.

Hatt. Gallows! ye hag of Satan, the hemp is not sown that shall hang me.

Meg. It is sown, and it is grown, and hackled and twisted. Did I not tell you that the boy would return in spite of you? Did I not say, the old fire would burn down to a spark, and then blaze up again.

[*Here the party appears on the watch.*]

Hatt. You did; but all is lost, unless he's now made sure. Ask Glossin else.

Meg. I do, and in the name of heaven, demand if he will yet forego his foul design against his master's son.

Glos. What! and give up all to this Brown, or Bertram; this infernal heir male, that's come back? never!

Meg. Bear witness, heaven and earth! They have confessed the past deed, and proclaimed their present purpose.

[*She throws a little flax, dipt in spirits of wine, on the fire, which blazes up to the roof. At this signal, BERTRAM rushes upon GLOSSIN—DINMONT upon HATTERAICK, and masters his sword.—Hatteraick suddenly fires a pistol at MEG, who falls with a loud scream, and rushing up to the entrance of the Cavern, he is met by MANNERING and soldiers, who instantly secure him and GLOSSIN. Servants follow with lights.*]

Col Man. Carry off these villians;—we have heard their own tongues seal their guilt. Justice shall do the rest.

[*Exeunt soldiers with prisoners, w. e. l.*]

And look to this unfortunate woman. Hasten, some one, for proper assistance.

Meg. Heed me not—I knew it would be this way, and it has ended as it ought—bear me up—let me but see my master's son; let me but behold Henry Bertram, and bear witness to him, and the gipsey vagrant has nothing more to do with life.

Samp. [*without, w. e. l.*] This way, Miss Lucy, this way. Where, where is little Harry Bertram? I must behold the infant, the dear child.

[*He rushes on impatiently, followed by Miss Bertram and Miss Mannering, and stands opposite to Bertram, gazing on him—villagers and country people follow him and range at back.*]

Samp. Beatissime! it is his father alive it is indeed, Harry, little Harry Bertram!—look at me, my child! do you not remember me, Abel Sampson?

Ber. A light breaks in upon me—yes, that was indeed my name, and that—that is the voice and figure of my kind old master.

Samp. Miss Lucy Bertram, look! lo! behold!—is he not your father's living image? embrace him, and let fall your tears upon a brother's cheek.

Miss B. My brother! my long lost brother restored to his rights! welcome, oh, welcome to a sister's love!

Meg. [*Suddenly raising herself.*] Hear ye that? he's owned!—there's a living witness, and here, here is one, who will soon speak no more. Hear her last words! there stands Harry Bertram: shout, shout, and acknowledge him Lord of Ellangowan! [*the people shout.*] My ears grow dull—stand from the light, and let me gaze upon him;—no, the darkness is in my own eyes.

[*Sinks into the arms of Bertram und Col. Mannering.*]

Col. Come hither, some of you—bear her to Woodburne house—let all care be taken of her support, and bear her gently away, she may yet recover.—[*Meg is borne away R.*] And now, Mr. Bertram, I hope no misunderstanding will prevent your accepting what I most sincerely offer, my friendship and congratulations, upon your restoration to birth and fortune.

Ber. Colonel Mannering, I accept them most gladly, and if I am not deceived, the wishes of both our hearts may make us not only friends but brothers. What say you, sister, am I right?

Miss M. Oh! she can't speak, so I will. Give Miss Bertram your arm, brother, and here, Henry, is mine; and now let us go in before we talk more on the subject.

Ber. My hearty friend and brave defender, come; we cannot part with you yet.

Din. I beg pardon of your honor and these young ladies, but I haven't got my Sunday's suit on, and this coat is rather the worse of the two or three tussles we have had to-day.

Bert. And can that be an objection, to him in whose cause it suffered? You may thank Mr. Dinmont's courage, ladies, for my life and safety.

Miss. B. Thank him! aye, that we do, and bless him for it.

Din. Eh! and heaven bless you, my bonny lass, wi' all my heart. [*Kisses Miss Bertram, and alarmed at his boldness, runs back confused.*]

Samp. Prodigious!

Din. Lord's sake, forgive me! I ask your pardon, I am sure—I forgot but ye'd been a bairn of my own—the captain, here's so homely like! he just makes one forget one's self—and I'm so overjoyed like, at his good fortune—

Col. So are we all, and if the heir of Ellangowan be welcomed here too, our joy will be—

Samp. Prodigious.

FINALE AND CHORUS.

Miss M. Oh! let your hands assure the youth
There's nothing now to fear,
For his return is little worth,
Unless he's welcomed here.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava',
There's little pleasure in this house,
When your smiles are awa'.

Chorus. For there's nae luck, &c.

Bertram. The heir of Ellangowan's fate
Depends upon this night,
If you deny him your support,
He's neither right nor might,

Chorus. For there's nae luck, &c.

Miss B. Then welcome home the rightful heir,
To native halls and lands,
There's right and might, and music, too,
In your approving hands.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Chorus. For there's nae luck, &c.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

VILLAGERS.

DINMONT. DOMINIE. LUCY. B. COLONEL MAN. JULIA MAN. HENRY B.

ETC.]

VILLAGERS.

HENRY B.

[Etc.]

THE END.



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